

GOLD  
KEY

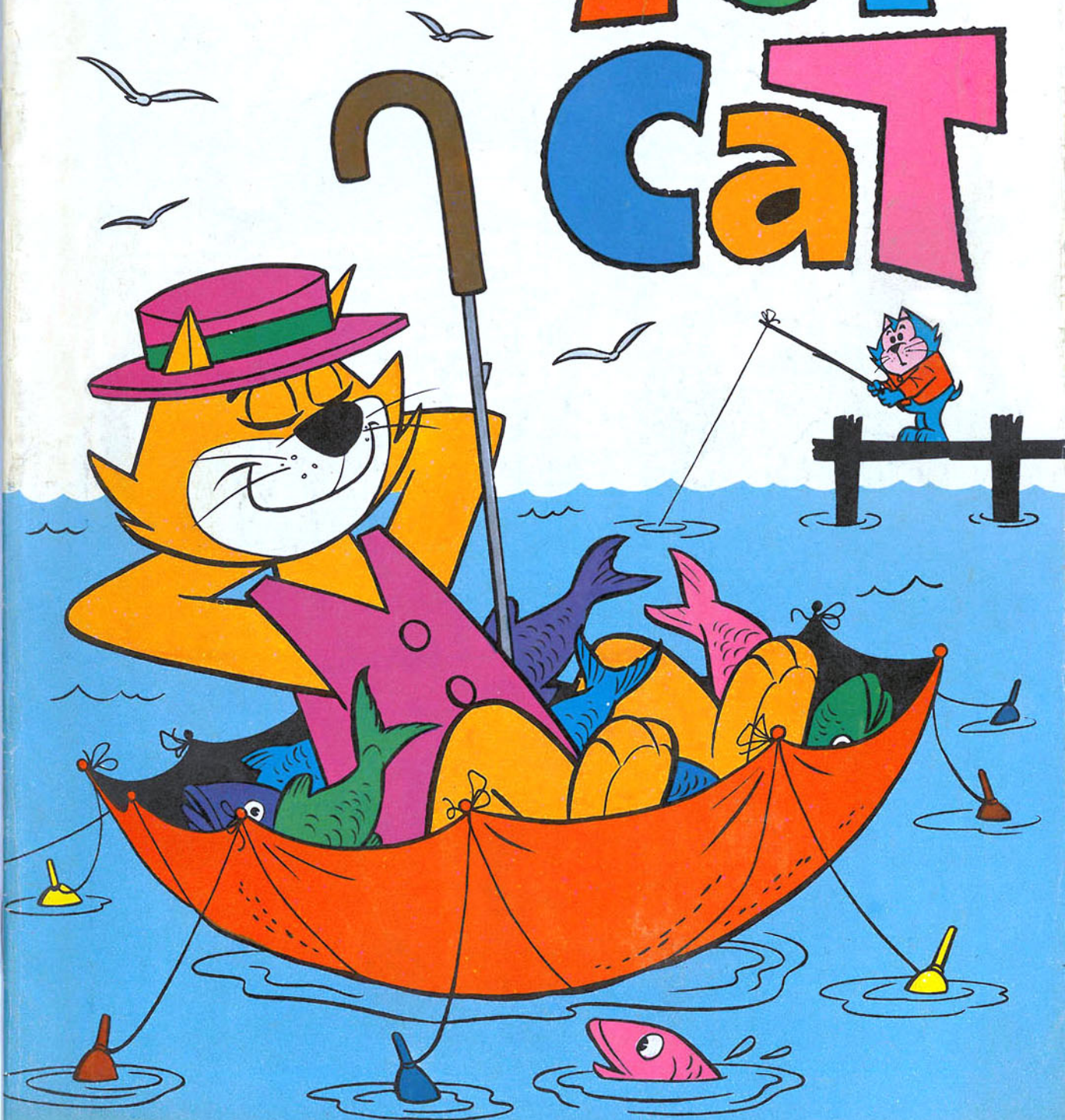
TOP CAT

12c

10004-507  
JULY

HANNA-  
BARBERA

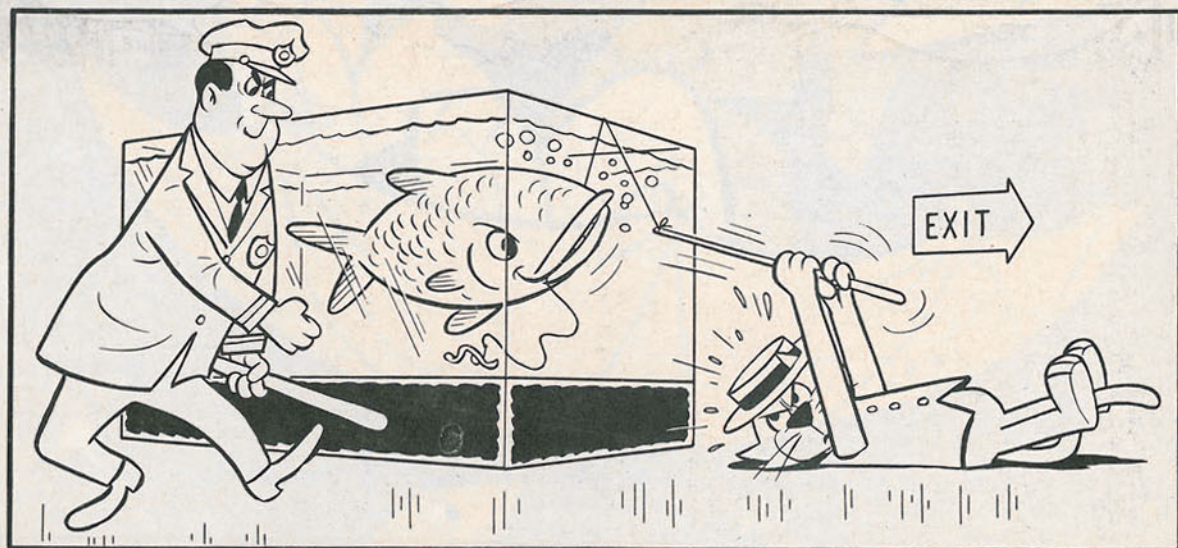
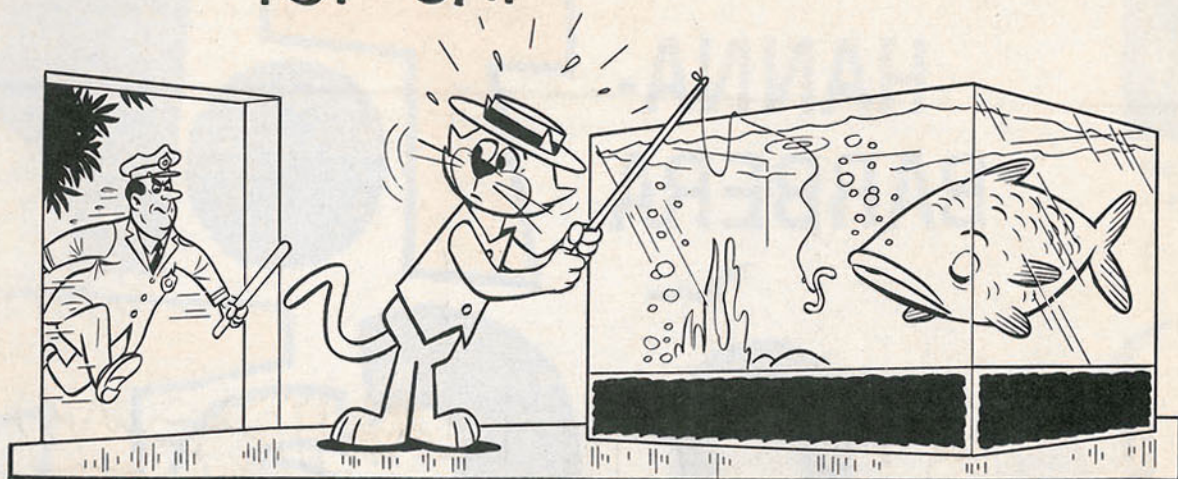
# TOP CAT





Hanna-Barbera

# TOP CAT







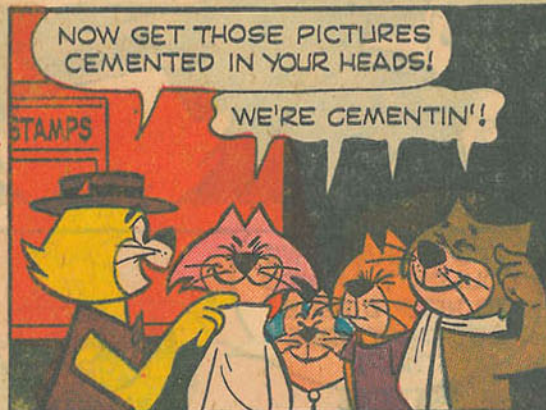
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.  
 TOP CAT, No. 15, July, 1965. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1965, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

TRADE MARK OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. WESTERN PRINTING AND LITHOGRAPHING COMPANY, Authorized User.  
 © 1965, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

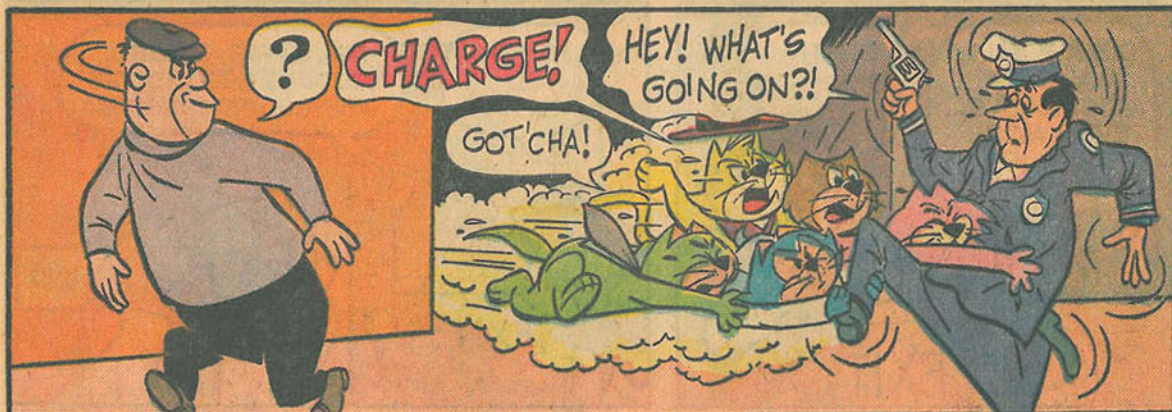
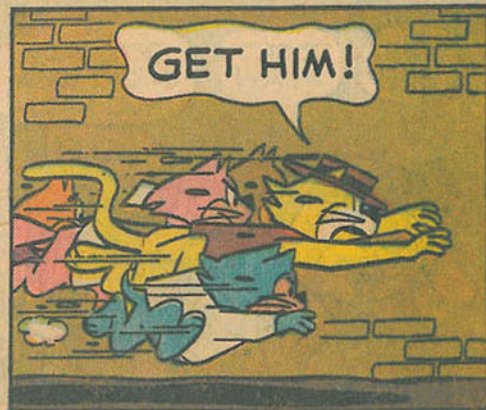
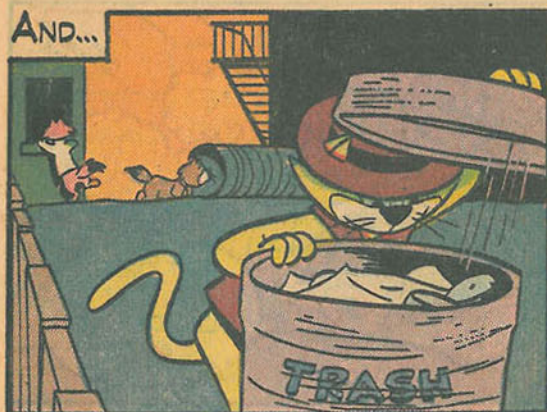




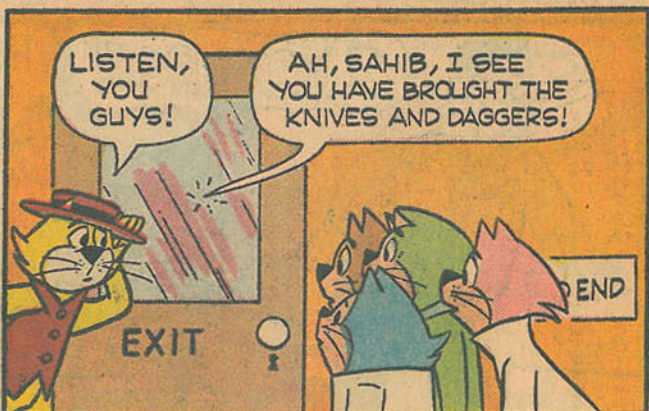
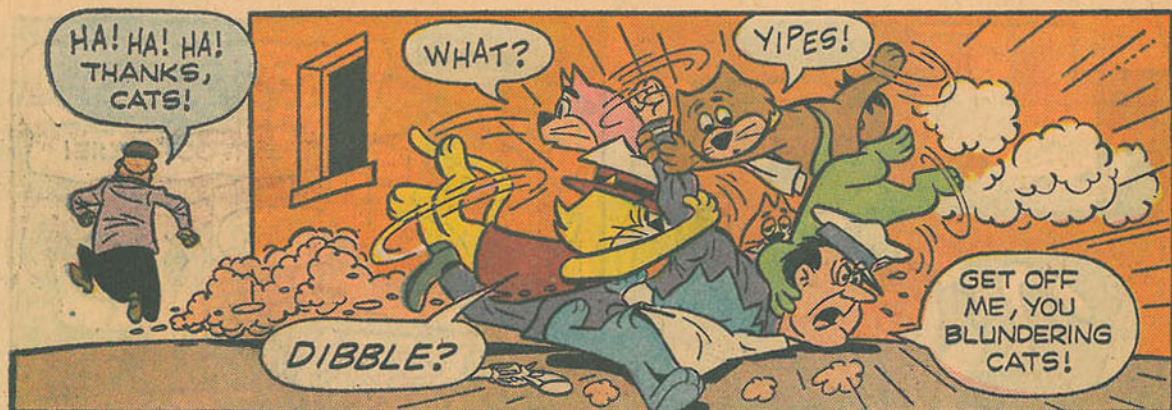




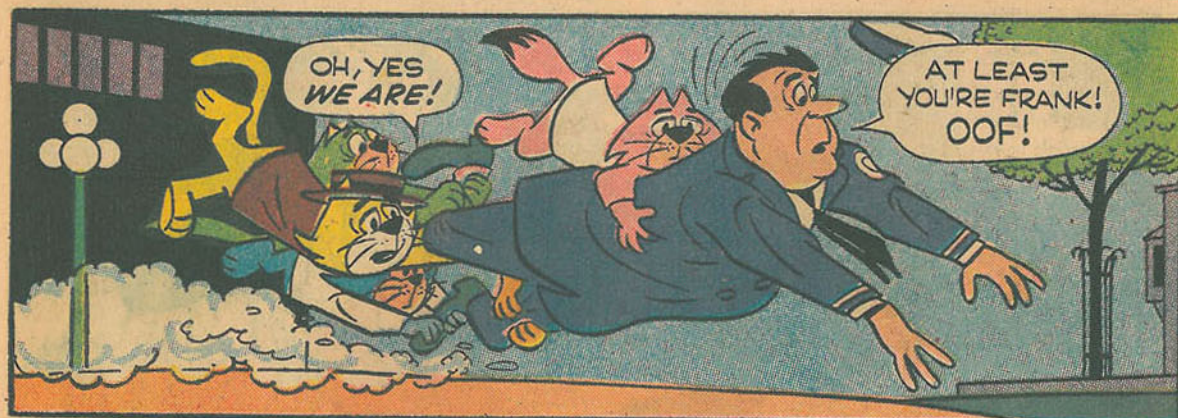
AND...



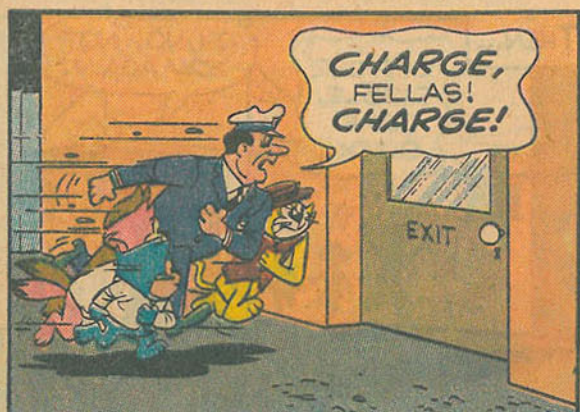
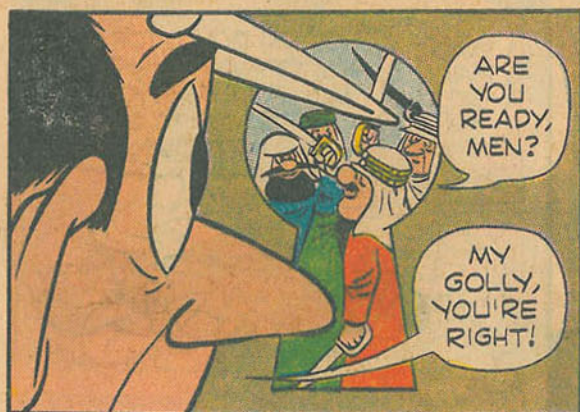
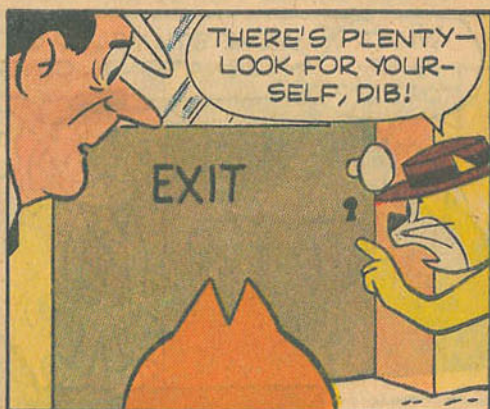




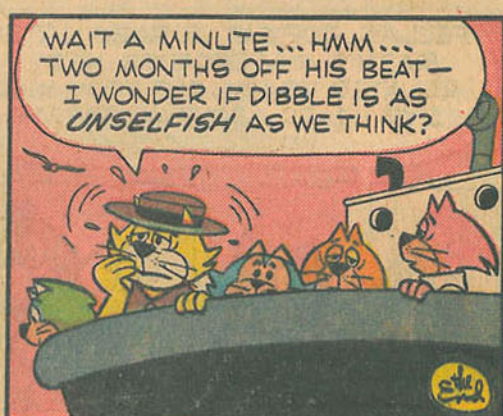
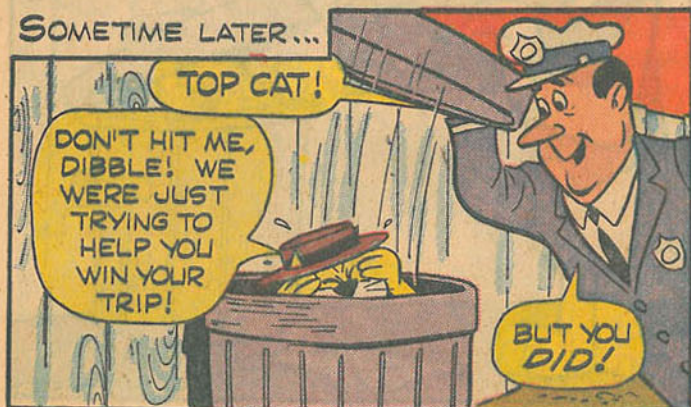
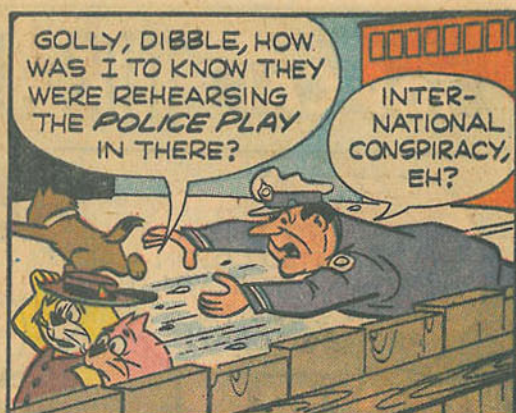










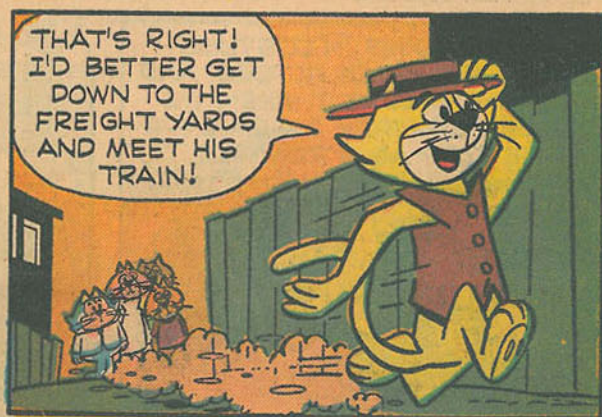
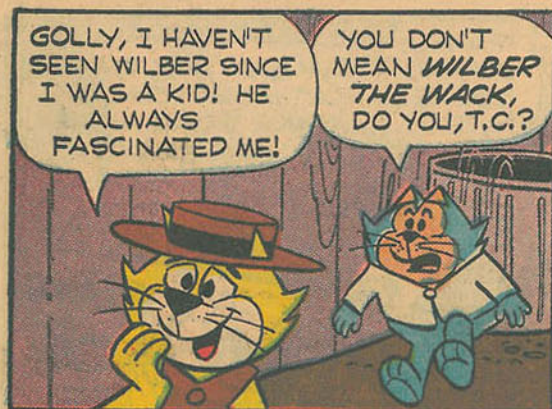
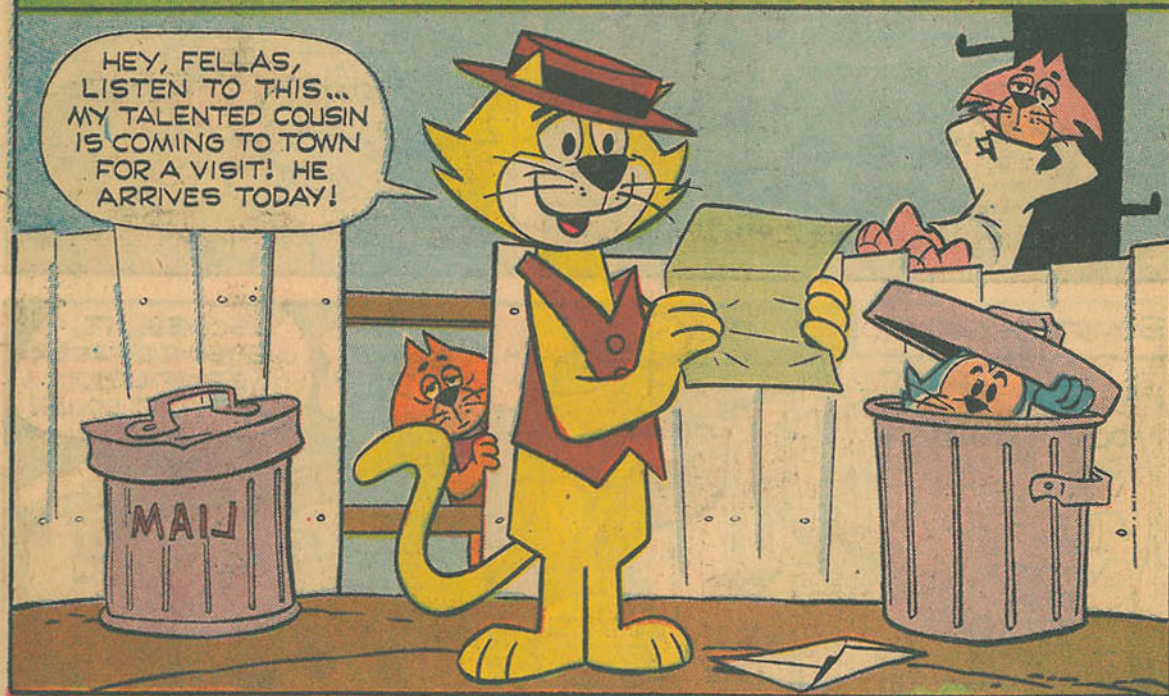




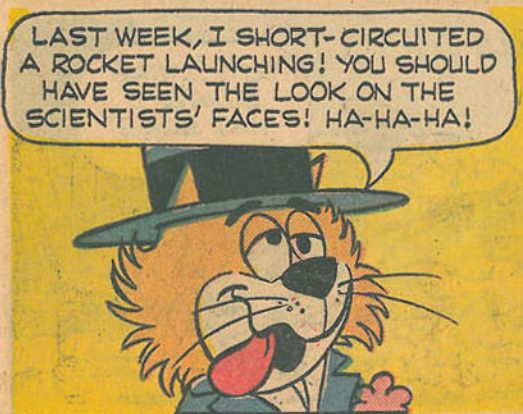
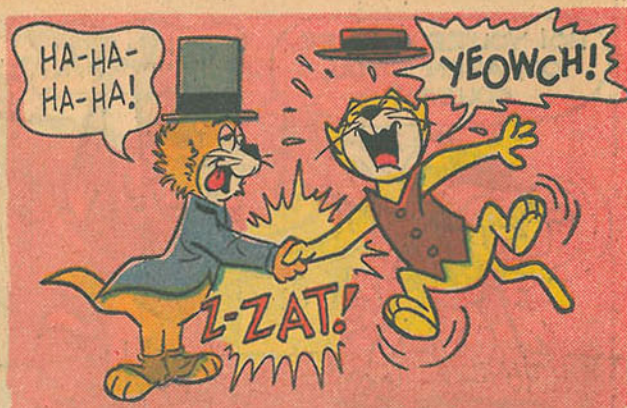
Hanna-Barbera

**TOP CAT**

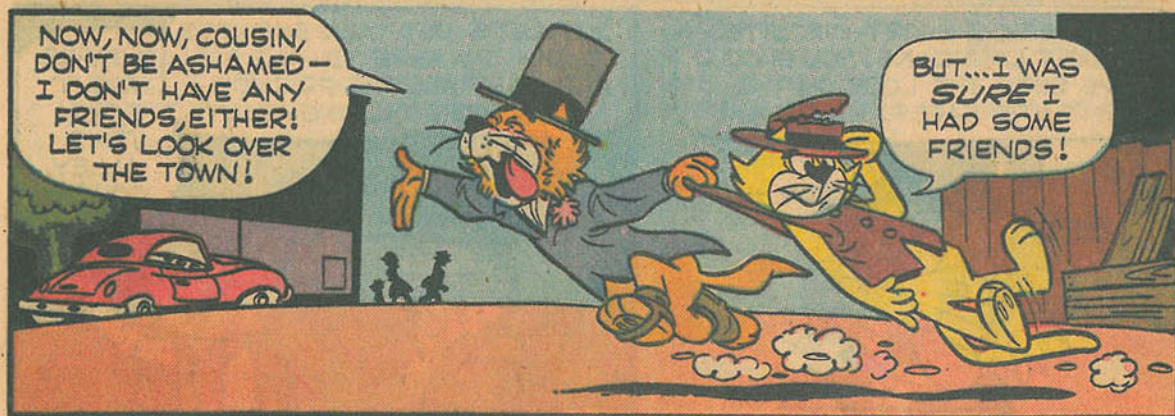
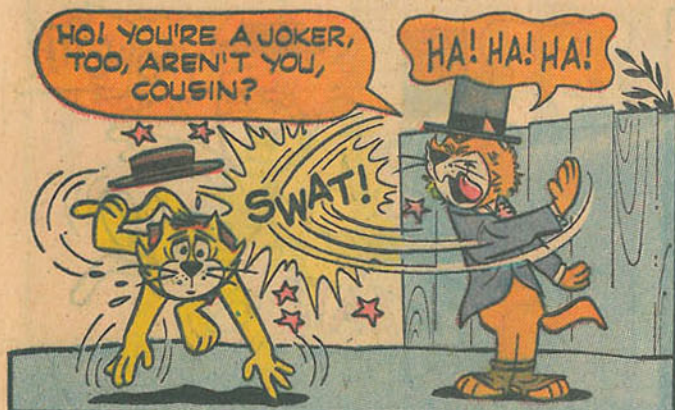
# THIS JOKER WAS NO CARD



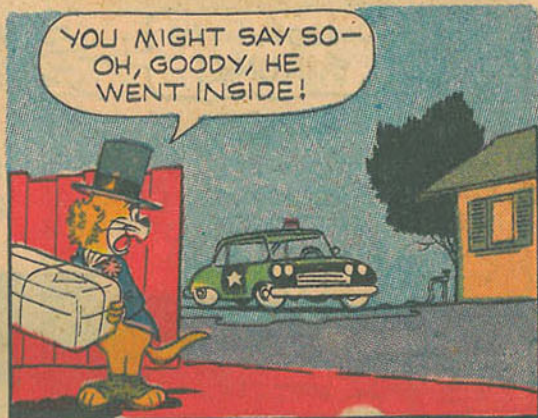




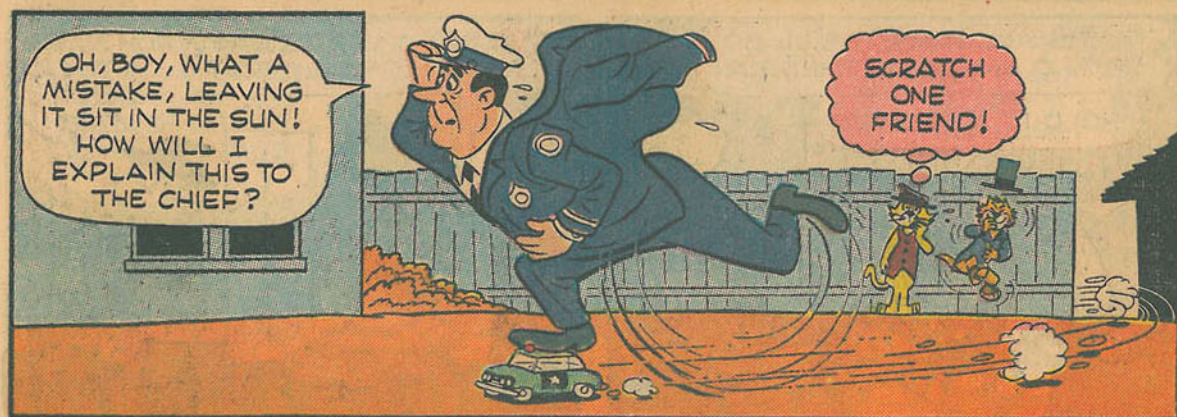
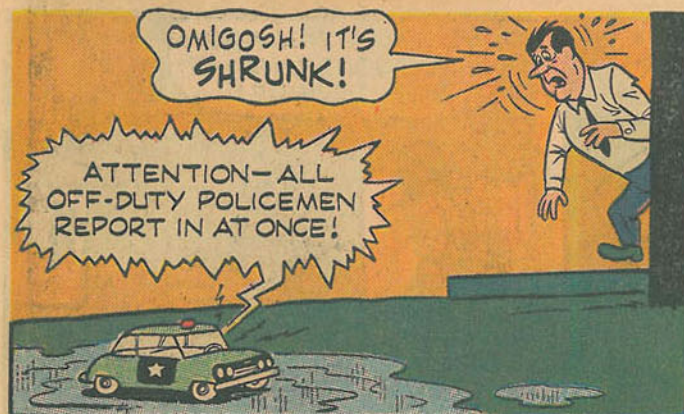
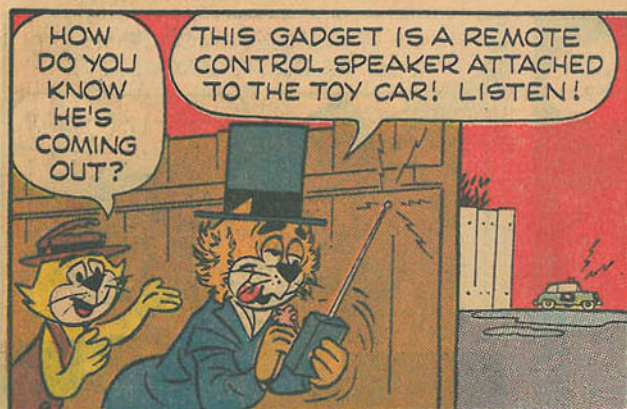




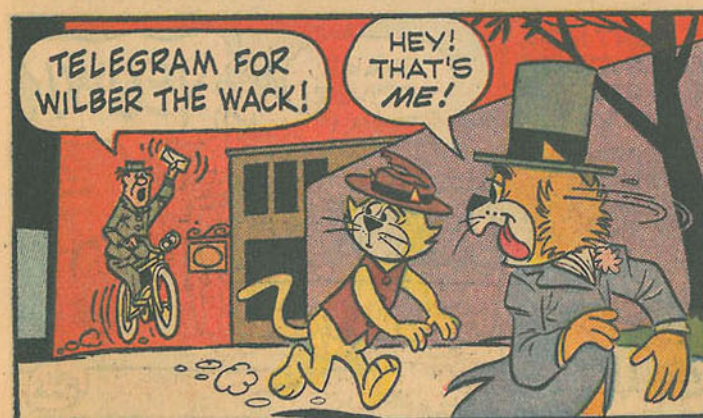




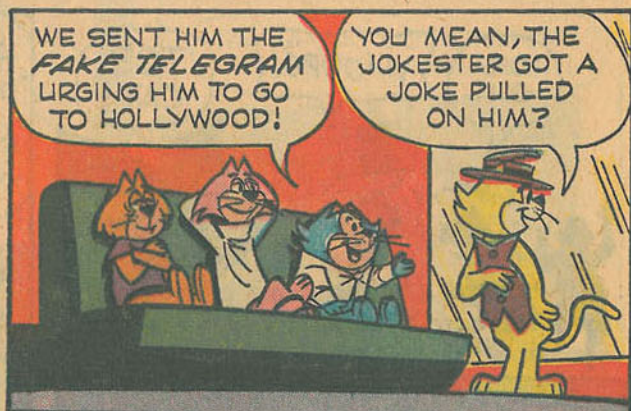






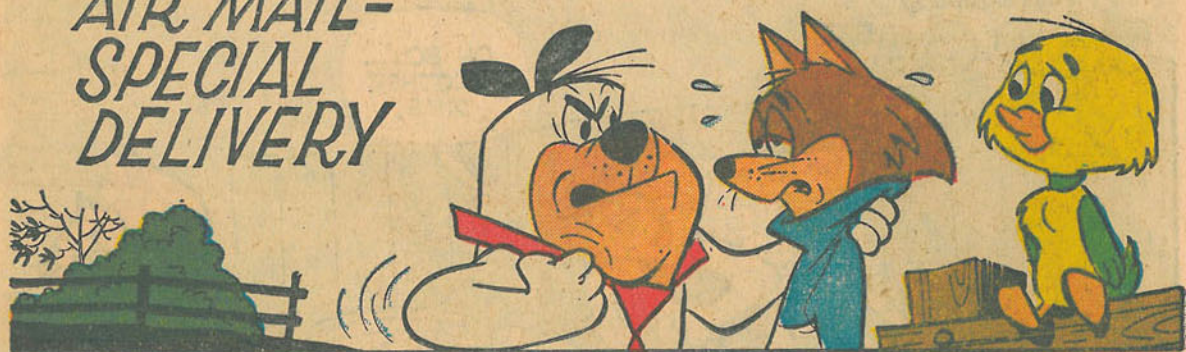








## AIR MAIL- SPECIAL DELIVERY



Fibber Fox could hardly believe his eyes. There, swimming all alone on the duck pond was Yakky Doodle, and his big buddy Chopper was nowhere in sight.

"What an opportunity!" Fibber gloated to himself. "I can nab that pesky duck with no interference from his bulldog pal."

Hidden by a clump of cattails, he carefully pushed an old hollow log into the water. Then, crawling inside, he floated slowly toward the unsuspecting Yakky.

In a split second, Yakky was firmly in the grip of Fibber's furry hands!

"Got you!" Fibber exulted. "Where's that big, dumb friend of yours THIS time?"

"Right here!" said a voice behind him.

Fibber turned to see Chopper rising out of the water, wearing a skin-diving outfit.

Before he could gulp, Fibber was flying through the air, propelled by a blow from Chopper's mighty fist.

"I'll teach you to bother my li'l pal!" he roared.

After picking himself up out of the mud, Fibber realized that he'd never stand a chance of catching Yakky unless he could be sure that Chopper was nowhere around.

The next day, the mailman delivered a special delivery letter to Chopper. The letter was from a lawyer, stating that Chopper had inherited a fortune from his Uncle Snagtooth, who lived over in Boneburg.

"Gosh, I didn't know I had an uncle who lived in Boneburg!" mused Chopper. "But if the lawyer says so, I guess he's right."

So, he hurried off down the road toward Boneburg. Fibber Fox, hiding behind a tree, watched until Chopper disappeared in the distance.

"That bulldog is a real bonehead!" he chuckled to himself. "It'll take him half a

day to get to Boneburg, and while he is gone I can nab Yakky at my leisure."

Fibber settled himself comfortably under the tree and waited for Yakky Doodle.

Meanwhile, Chopper hurried off toward Boneburg, thinking about what he was going to do with his fortune. First, he'd buy the biggest steak he could find, and then he'd buy . . . He stopped suddenly.

"What a very selfish dog I am!" he said. "Here I'm thinking only about myself and forgetting all about my li'l pal Yakky. He should share in my good luck, too!"

With that, Chopper turned around and he headed back to get Yakky.

Fibber's vigil, meanwhile, had paid off, for he had spotted Yakky strolling down the road to visit Chopper, and once again poor Yakky was firmly in the grip of Fibber's furry hands.

"Ha!" sneered Fibber. "Where's that big, dumb friend of yours THIS time?"

"Right here!" said a voice behind him.

To Fibber's horror, there stood Chopper! The fox gulped. "I — I thought you were on your way to Boneburg!"

"I was, but . . ." began Chopper. But then he paused as a thought struck him. "How did you know I was going to Boneburg?"

"I, uh, er, uh . . ." faltered Fibber.

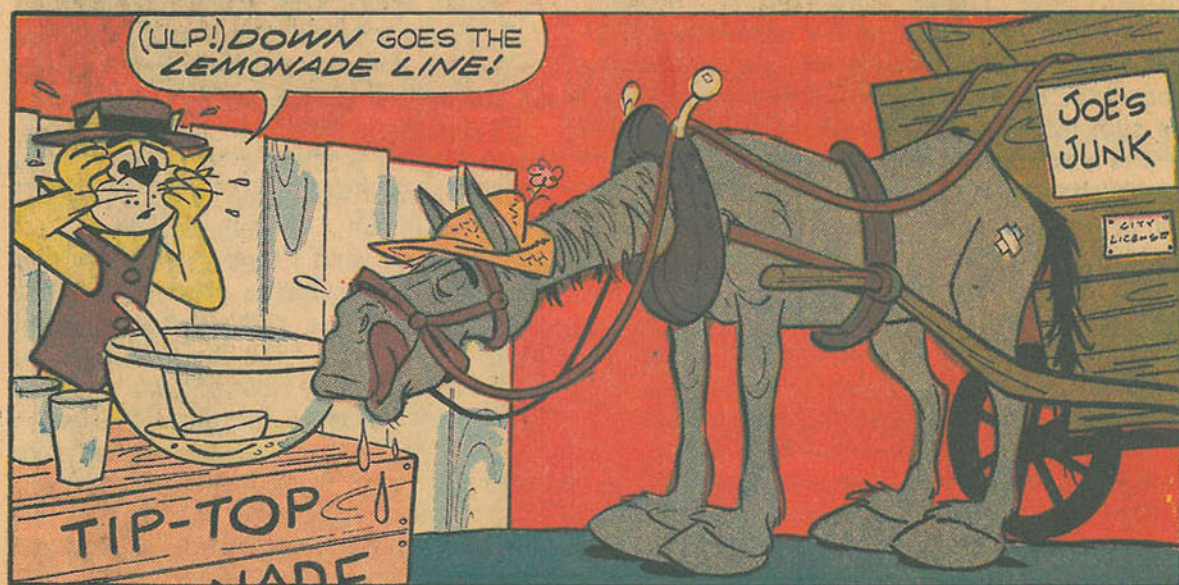
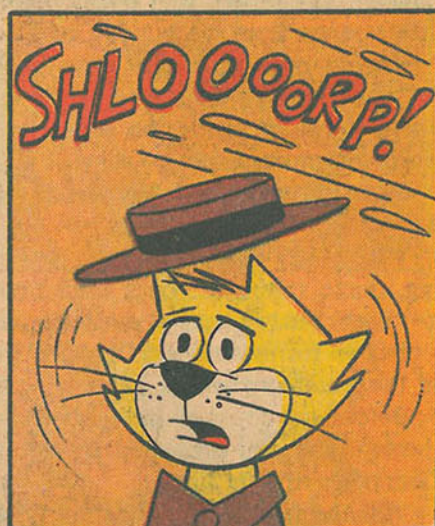
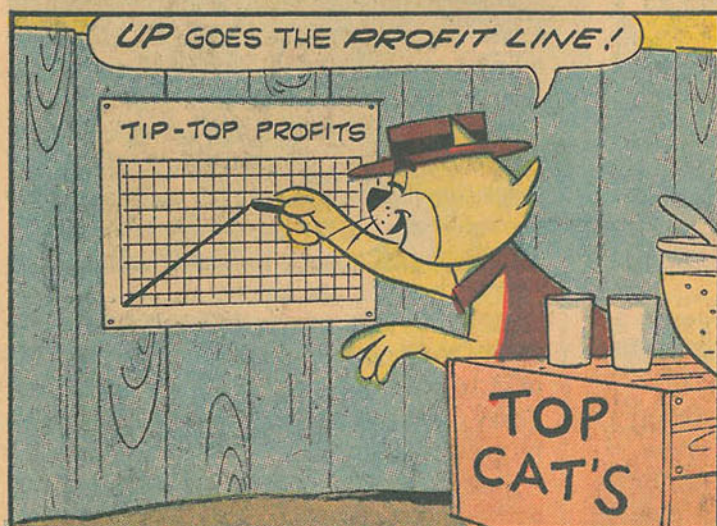
"You know what I think?" growled Chopper. "That letter was a phoney, and YOU sent it to me!" He grabbed Fibber by the scruff of the neck. "Tell the truth! Did you send me that letter, Fibber Fox?"

"Y-y-yes!" croaked the miserable fox.

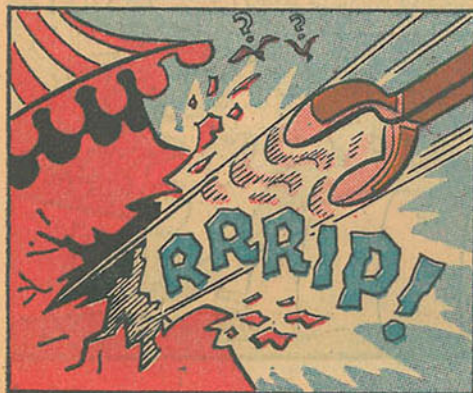
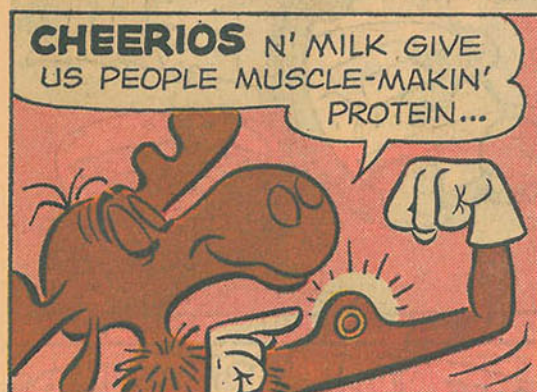
With that, Chopper gave a mighty heave, and Fibber went flying high into the sky.

"You may not be going to Boneburg, but it looks like he is," laughed Yakky. "And he's going air mail—special delivery."





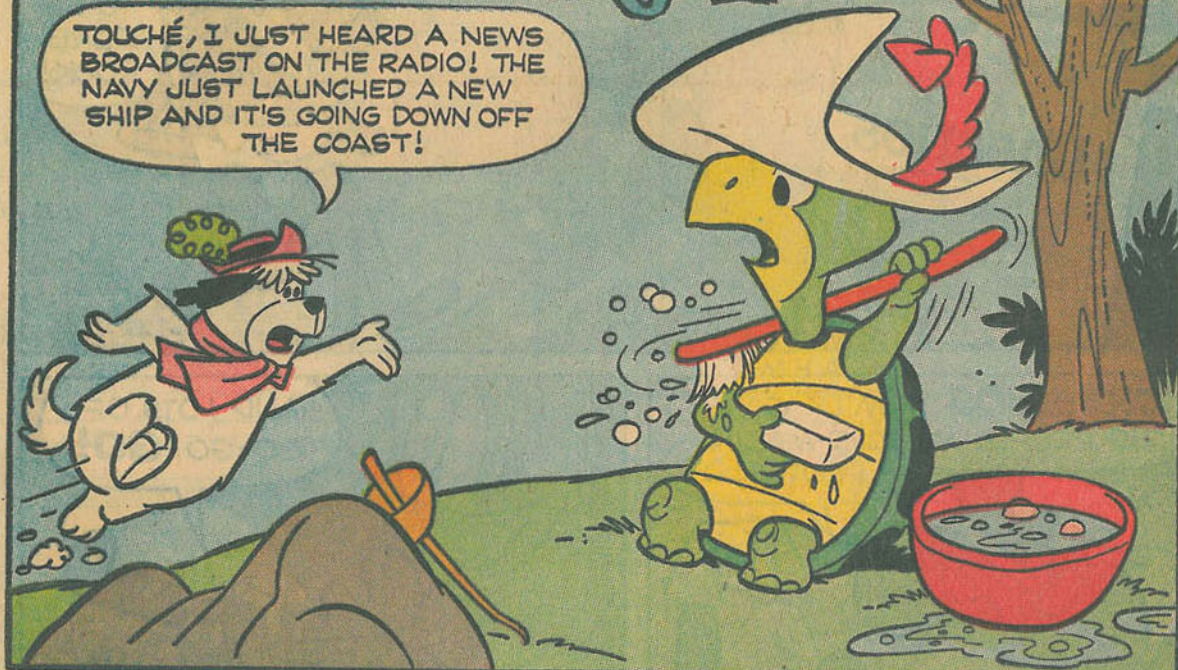






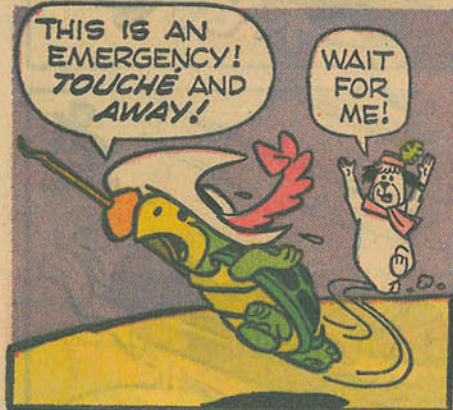
Hanna-Barbera **TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM**  
**ON TARGET**

TOUCHÉ, I JUST HEARD A NEWS BROADCAST ON THE RADIO! THE NAVY JUST LAUNCHED A NEW SHIP AND IT'S GOING DOWN OFF THE COAST!



THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! TOUCHÉ AND AWAY!

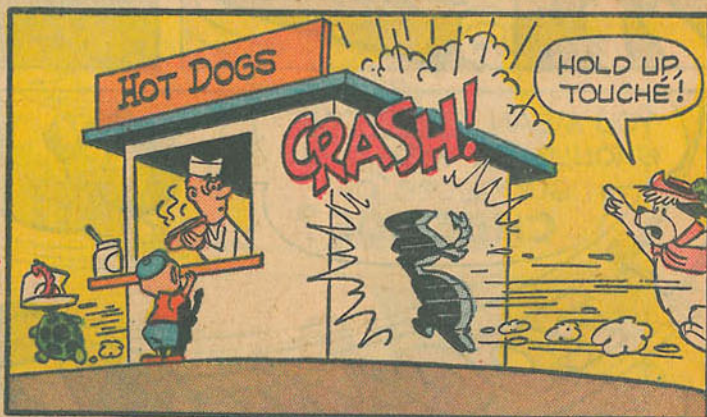
WAIT FOR ME!



HOT DOGS

CRASH!

HOLD UP, TOUCHÉ!

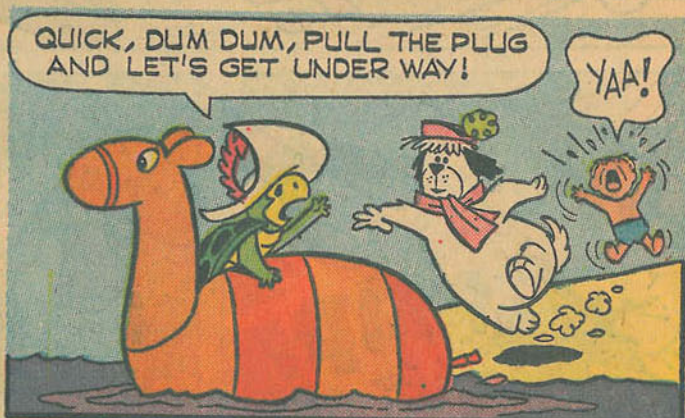


SORRY, SON, THIS WATER HORSE IS NEEDED ON GOVERNMENT BUSINESS!



QUICK, DUM DUM, PULL THE PLUG AND LET'S GET UNDER WAY!

YAA!





WHAT WAS THE POSITION OF THIS UNFORTUNATE SHIP, DUM DUM?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THEY SAID IT WAS IN THE WATER!

NEVER MIND, I'VE SIGHTED HER!

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S NOT A HIM?

U.S.S. BOTTOMSUP

THAT'S ODD! THIS SHIP DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S SINKING!

ITS NAME DOES!

AHOY, THERE! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

I CAN, TOUCHÉ, LOUD AND CLEAR!

BOTTOMSUP

AND... DUM DUM, WE'VE SEARCHED THIS SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN AND FOUND NO ONE!

WE EVEN LOOKED FORWARD AND BACKWARDS!

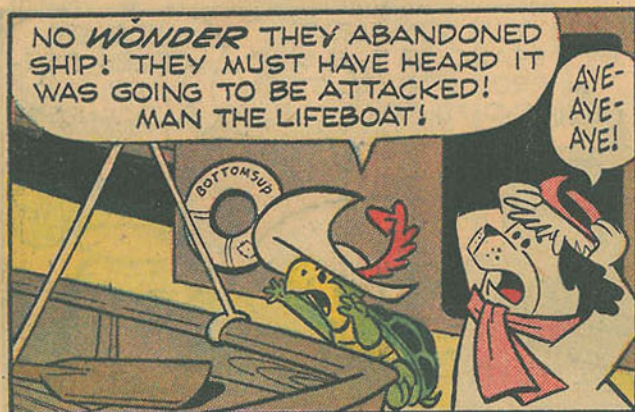
I'D SAY HER CREW ABANDONED HER AND SHE FOOLED THEM BY STAYING AFLOAT!

COME, DUM DUM, WE'LL TAKE HER SAFELY BACK TO PORT!

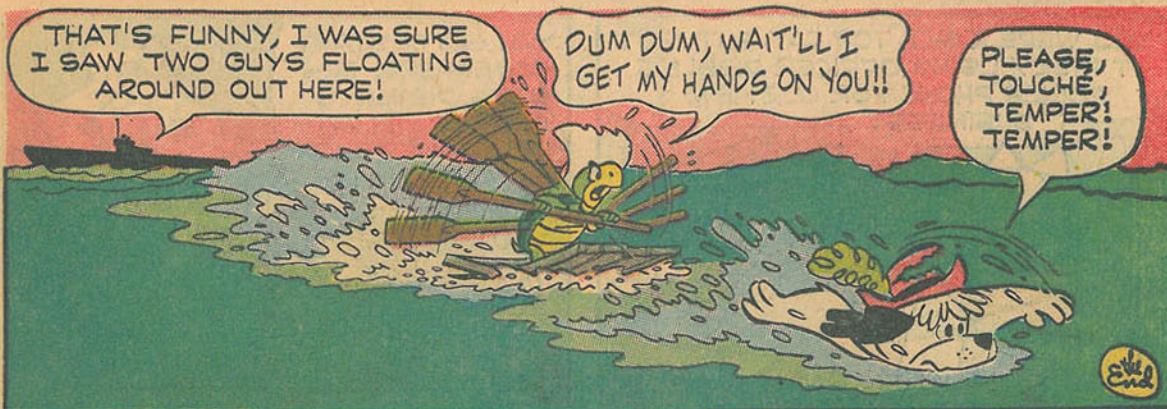
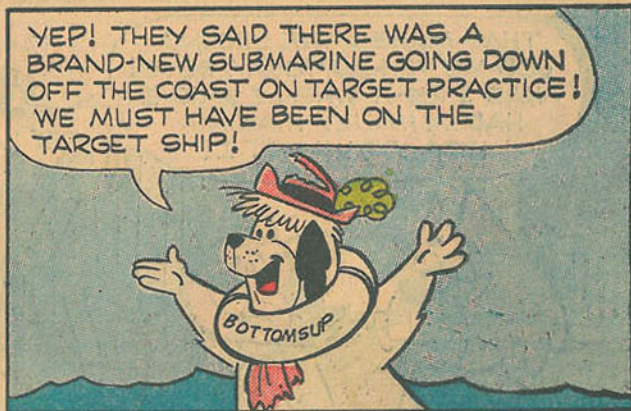
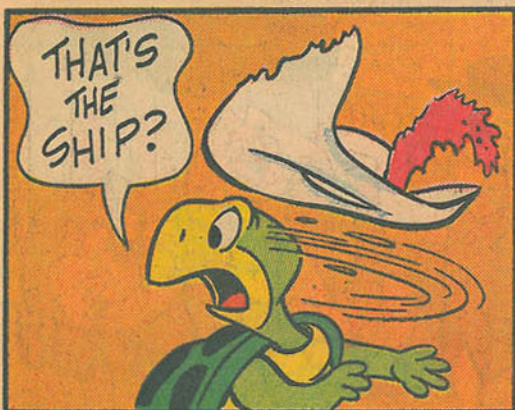
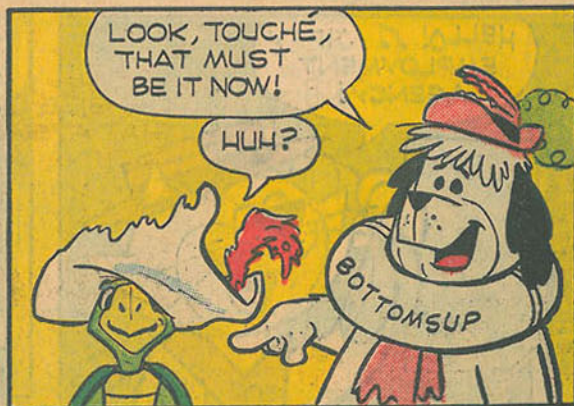
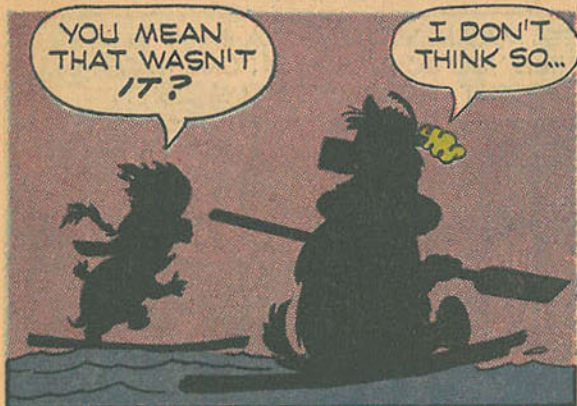
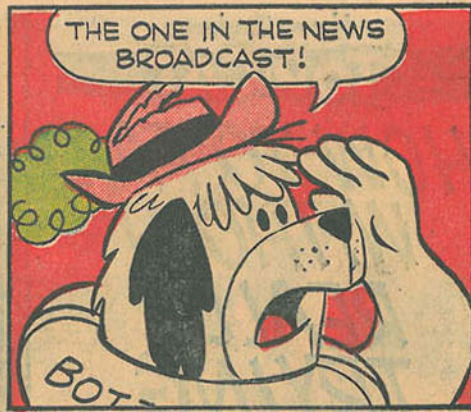
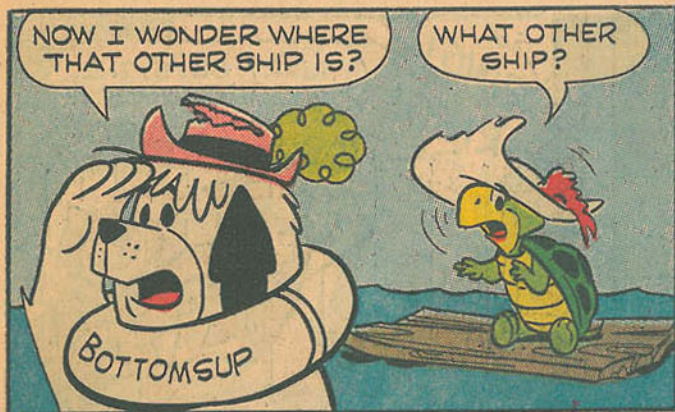
CAN YOU DRIVE ONE OF THESE?



AND NOT SO FAR AWAY...





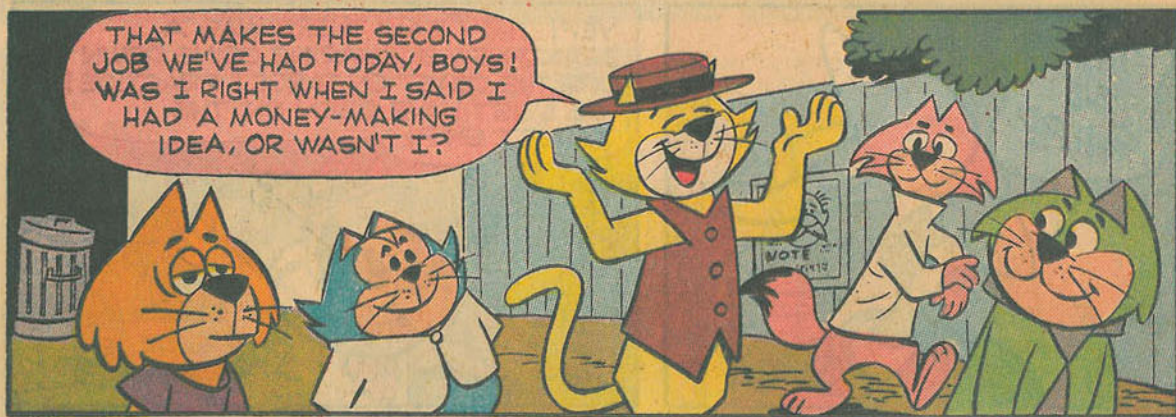




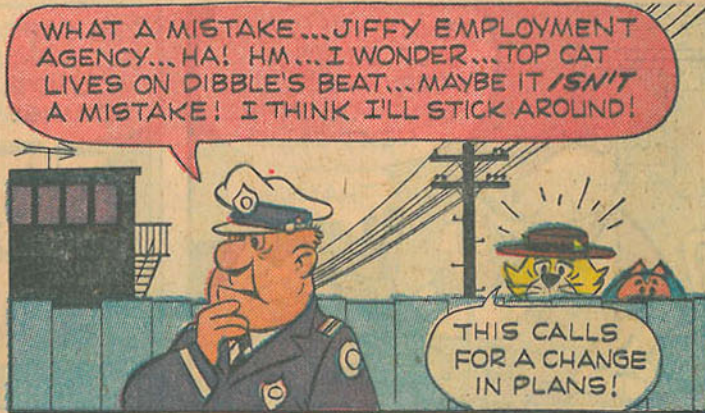
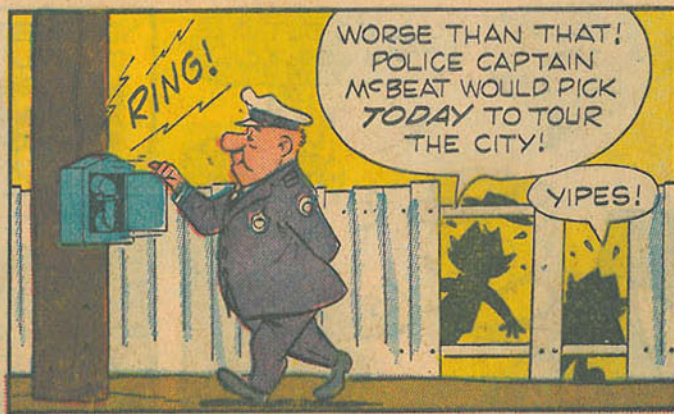
Hanna-Barbera

# TOP CAT

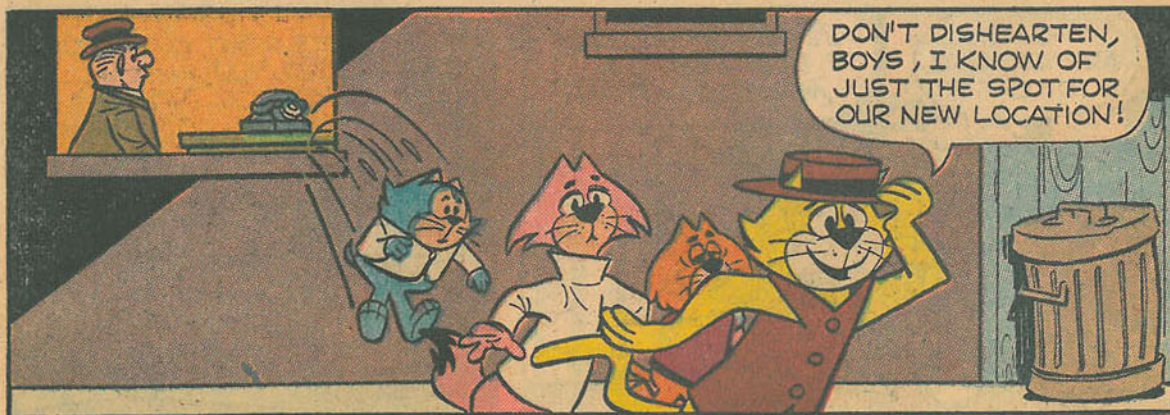
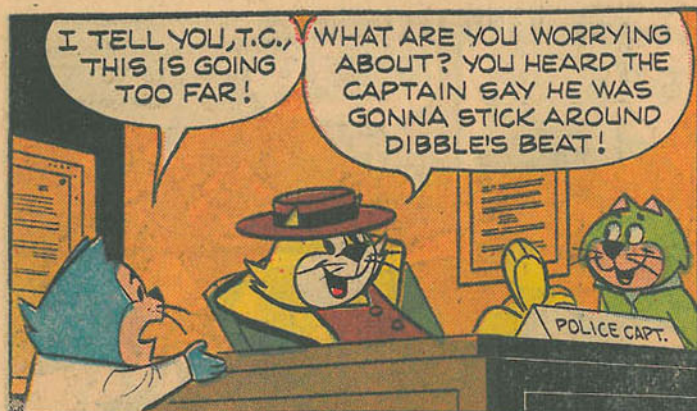
## HOW TO FAIL WITHOUT REALLY TRYING



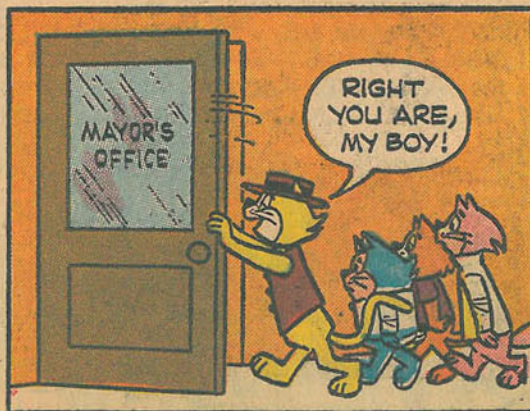




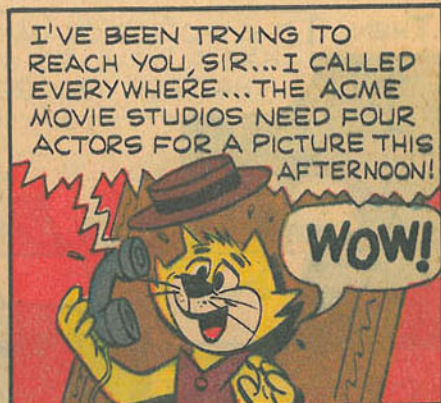








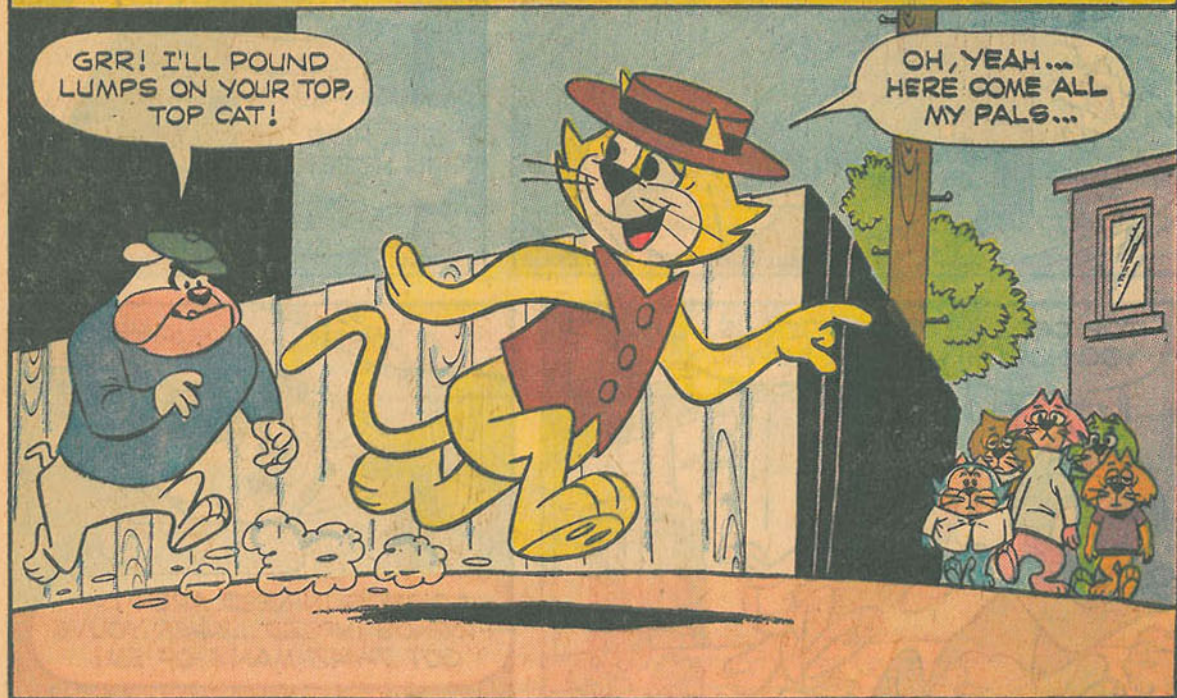




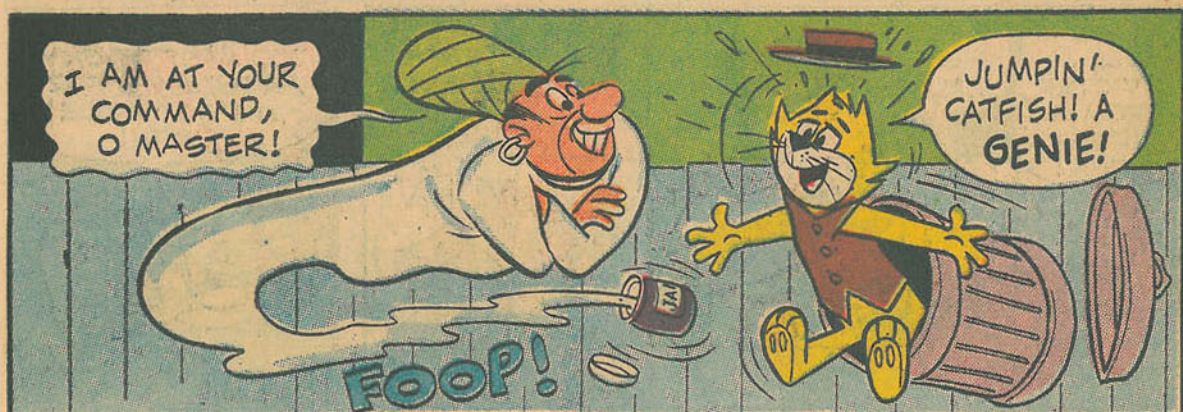


Hanna-Barbera  
**TOP CAT**

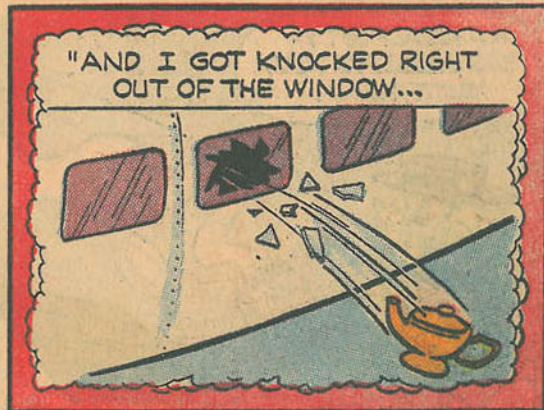
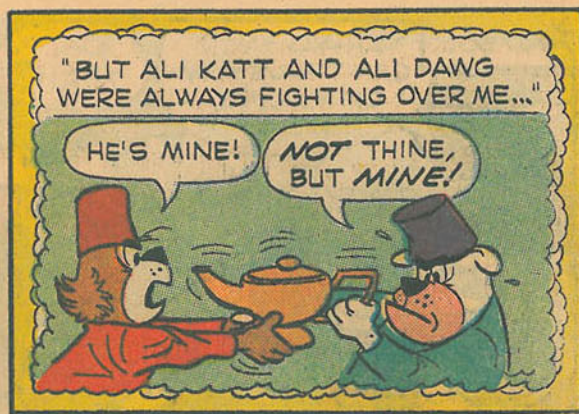
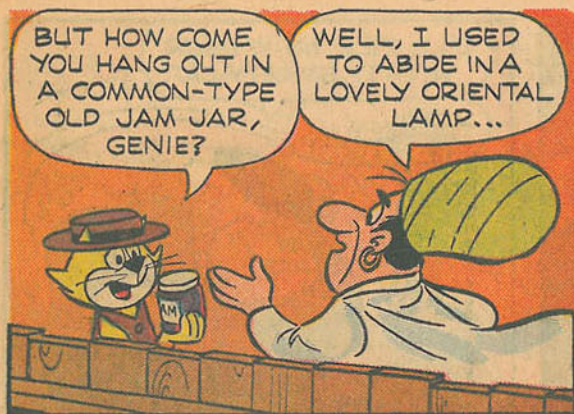
# JAM JAR GENIE



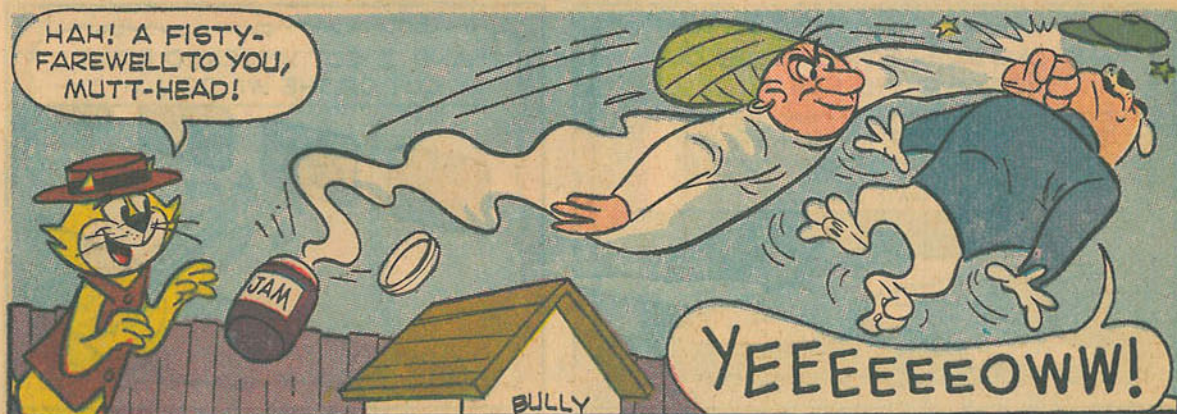
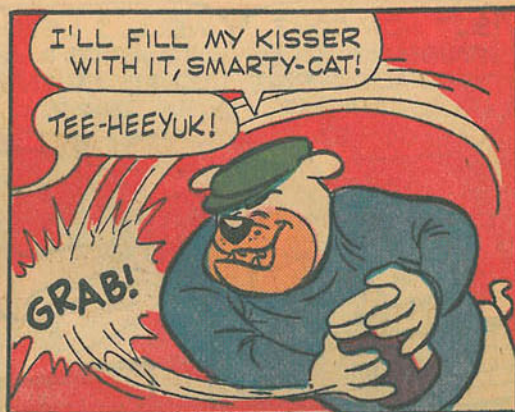
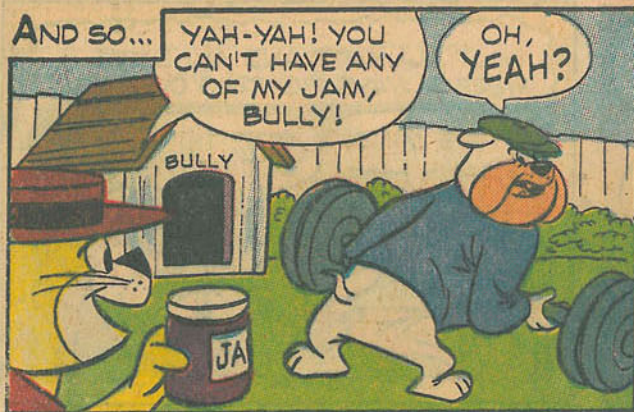














BUT  
GENIE-  
TYPE  
LAMPS  
ARE  
RARE  
IN  
THE  
U.S.A.

NOW HERE'S  
A DANDY...

ER...NO,  
THANK  
YOU!

LIGH!

TH-THERE JUST  
AREN'T ANY  
AROUND, GENIE!

YOU  
PROMISED!

HMM...BUT MAYBE I CAN DIG  
UP A GOOD *SUBSTITUTE* FOR  
A GENIE-TYPE LAMP!

KITCHEN  
DEPT.  
→

AND  
SHORTLY...

TOP CAT HAS  
INVITED US TO  
A TEA PARTY,  
OF ALL  
THINGS!

I WISH  
HE'D HELP US  
WITH OUR  
PROBLEMS!

AT YOUR COMMAND, KIDS!

OH, BOY! LEAVE  
IT TO TOP CAT TO  
HELP US IN A  
SUPER WAY!

HEH! AND IT  
HAS ALL THE  
COMFORTS OF  
HOME SWEET  
HOME, GENIE!

End



Hanna-Barbara  
**TOP CAT**

